

I QUIT MR 191

Chapter 191

Isabella left the room with cold hands and feet, almost forgetting what she had just said. She had deliberately brought up her mother to him, hoping that Seth would feel a little sorry for her. Fortunately, she hadn't made a mistake. Meanwhile, Jordan waited at the bottom of the staircase. As Isabella descended, he politely bowed, and she looked at him, asking, "Do you have a computer?"

Jordan gestured for her to follow him and led her to the multipurpose room on the second floor. Isabella had to admit that Seth was a man who knew how to enjoy life. Even a place to stay for the night on a business trip was perfectly equipped and decorated.

After entering the room, she sat in front of the computer and retrieved the voice recording from her inbox. She said, "It's midnight now. Use this opportunity to anonymously post this recording."

Jordan took the USB stick from her, and he nodded. "I'll take care of the follow-up. You can take a break now, Miss Symons."

However, Isabella wasn't sleepy at all because she was still very tense.

Furthermore, she was worried about Victoria, so her heart was restless. After thanking Jordan, Isabella said that she would rest later. He didn't say anything and left after closing the door.

Leaning back in the chair, she closed her eyes, collecting herself and refreshing the news on her phone every few minutes. At 2.00AM, the news she was expecting became a trending topic on all major websites and sparked a frenzied discussion late at night.

Nemotors had been using secondhand generators, disregarding traffic safety for years, and deceiving consumers. Despite having a small market share, Nemotors was a well-known name in its early years. The sudden scandal brought the company into the spotlight.

Netizens flooded the internet with negative comments, bringing up past

accidents involving Nemotors vehicles. Regardless of whether the cars were at fault, the blame was placed squarely on Nemotors. The company's shares plummeted, reaching their limit within half an hour.

Isabella didn't sleep a wink, following the developments from the beginning until the end. Around 6.15AM, a servant came to remind her, "Mr. Shaffer will return to Imperia today. You may have to start preparing early for it."

Checking the time, Isabella thought for a moment and decided to look for Jordan.

"Are you going to the nursing home?" Having only slept a few hours, Jordan didn't look well and frowned when he heard what Isabella had to say.

She nodded. "I came to Bleaktown to visit my mother, and there's no reason for me to skip the visit now. Otherwise, everything I went through yesterday would have been in vain."

He seemed uncertain. "This matter has blown up. It's not safe for you to

remain here alone.”

“I’ll just take a quick look at her and leave afterward,” she promised.

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Right after the words left her lips, sounds came from upstairs, and Jordan

gave Isabella a nod before hurrying up the stairs. Seth didn’t show up, but his

cold voice traveled downstairs. “Let her go. It’s not my problem if she dies.”

Biting her lip, she silently cursed the jerk, questioning how Seth was raised. His

lack of civility in speech baffled her. Frozen in place, she listened as Jordan

said something upstairs, followed by the sound of a door slamming shut.

Jordan came downstairs and said to her, “Miss Symons, I’ll ask someone to

send you to the nursing home, but please be quick.”

Isabella couldn’t help but release a sigh of relief, grateful for Jordan’s timely

intervention. She nodded politely at him and said, “Thank you.”

Jordan said nothing and left the main building to quickly make the

arrangements.

In the living room, she sat there with an empty stomach but felt too

embarrassed to take another step or say anything. Fortunately, the servant

took the initiative and asked her what she wanted to eat.

“Anything is fine. Thank you.”

“Okay. Please wait a moment.” The servant left and quickly returned with a

bowl of chicken soup. Then, she asked in a low voice, “Should I go upstairs